

My father, ^{Thomas Pleasant Powers} was born in Vermont in 1803. ~~When~~ still a young man, his health failed & a warmer climate was prescribed for him, so he went South, & remained there until 1846 when he crossed the plains ^{to Oregon} it was on this trip that he met my mother & they were married, & settled in Oregon city, my father taught school there until he decided to move to the mouth of the Columbia, where he felt sure the great city would be, they made the trip down the river in Indian canoe camping at Portland & St. Helens on the way - As I remember bearing them say they staid a while on Clatsop Plains - later he took up a donation land claim on the Lewis & Clark river where we lived eight years then moved to Astoria where we lived until his death in 1883, my father & mother were staunch Presbyterians, I remember when we lived on the farm every pleasant Sabbath morning we walked through the woods to the McEwan place - here we got a horse

MRS CHRISTIAN LEINWEBER

for my mother to ride the rest of the way, I rode behind her. Pa walking both ways - It was on one of these trips when returning from Chr. Mrs. Gov. Gains who was riding ahead was thrown from her horse & killed. After going to Astoria my father served as Post master also was deputy collector of customs. His home was always open to ministers regardless of denomination, & he never lived in a place long, without starting a S. School, I am very sure he did more than any other, one man to get schools started in Clatsop Co. After he was seventy years old he taught one term in Upper Astoria, in a one room building - then he carried lumber & helped build the first real school building - he served as school clerk without pay for years, when he was seventy five he suffered the amputation of his right leg - after a year of suffering he recovered, & was able to get around & for three years, was quite well & was always cheery. & kept busy he always said he had rather wear out

than trust out he never lost faith
in Astoria becoming a large city
There is much that could be said of
his benevolence & kindness to strangers
My mother was an invalid for many
years & died at the age of 62 - They are
both lying in the Pioneer cemetery on
Clatsop Plains.